

The *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone



- **Cure for Nerves—*Marjorie King Garrison***
- **Temperance Teaching in the Home—*Caryl D. Slifer***

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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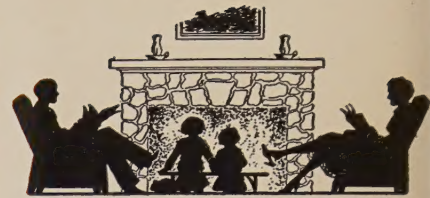
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Carefree and Gay—on Alcohol

A man of my acquaintance, who occasionally finds himself under the influence of strong drink, once told me that he didn't really like the taste of liquor. "But I do like the gay, carefree feeling of being drunk," he informed me, in all seriousness. Besides being infantile and immature, this attitude is also criminal. How "carefree and gay" will this individual feel if he should some day run over and kill a child, after he has had a few drinks? How "carefree and gay" will he feel if he should maim himself for life?

"There is nothing wrong with getting drunk," someone else said. "It certainly isn't nearly so bad as being unfaithful and cheating on your husband or wife." But alcohol, like infidelity, results in broken homes and ruined lives. Is there "nothing wrong with getting drunk" if a man spends most of his money for liquor and neglects his family's needs? Is there "nothing wrong with getting drunk" when alcoholism brings sorrow to loved ones?

It's fine to be carefree and gay—but *not* under the influence of alcohol.

What's Here? If you are like most harassed Americans, you have probably said from time to time, "I'm just a bundle of nerves," or other similar expressions. One woman, Marjorie King Garrison, found a cure for her tensions, and she tells about it in her article, "Cure for Nerves."

"Teen-Agers: Are They at Home at Home?" A catchy title, you'll agree, but one to think about. Do your young people feel that your home is theirs, too?

Art and ceramic enthusiasts will want to read "Fun with Local Clay," by Celeste Batiste.

We have a very excellent study article and guide for this month—"Temperance Teaching in the Home," by Caryl D. Slifer. This author tells how she and her husband inculcated in their children strong convictions against drinking.

When shame and sorrow come to a minister and his wife, they find great comfort in the fact that their congregation is in back of them. Ruth Chase, in "The Crystal Manse," tells a heartwarming story.

The younger set will like "The Little Boy Who Grew a Beard," by Dorothy Roby Schneider.

What's Coming? Look for "With Thankful Hearts"; "Could Your Son Preach?"; "Achieving Maturity of Personality," and others.

Be seeing you.

S. W.

THE WORLD

● Churches Combat Juvenile Delinquency

CHICAGO—Officials of the American Baptist Convention told here how they are searching “inner city” alleys and juvenile court probation lists to give problem children “a Christian chance.” Pleased with their 11-year-old Juvenile Protection Program, the Baptists shared ideas here with youth workers of 35 other Protestant church groups.

The program consists of three activities:

1. Summer camps for problem children referred by school authorities and community welfare agencies.
2. Helping “inner city” churches reach out to unchurched young people in the community.
3. Training older persons as recreation leaders.

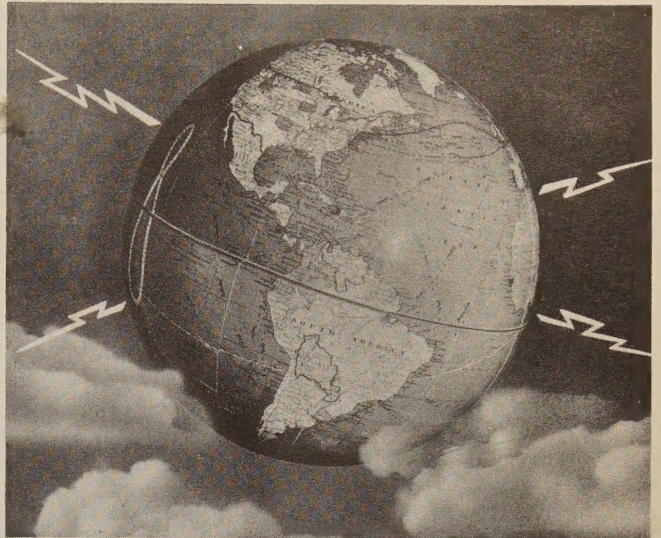
Some of the 11- to 14-year-old summer camp kids “can be pretty tough,” Lawrence Janssen, program director, said.

“We get kids who have been involved in burglaries and auto thefts; boys and girls who have been trained by their families as pickpockets and prostitutes,” he explained. “But our slogan is ‘A Christian chance for every child.’ We think how often Christ was found with publicans and sinners, the unlovely and the unloved.”

Telling how the program works, Mr. Janssen said: “Members of a Lansing, Mich., church literally went down the alleys, picking up girls and boys who had no place to play and giving them a wholesome recreation area in the church. A Greenwich Village, N. Y., pastor went to a juvenile probation officer for delinquents’ names. The judge told the pastor he was nuts, but he got the names.”

Mr. Janssen emphasized the need for congregations to serve the community, not only the members who

H. Armstrong Roberts



H. Armstrong Roberts

commute from the suburbs. “We have found that delinquency is so complex, all community resources have to be mobilized to combat it. The church needs to be a part of that team.”

● Propose World Organization of Christian Farmers

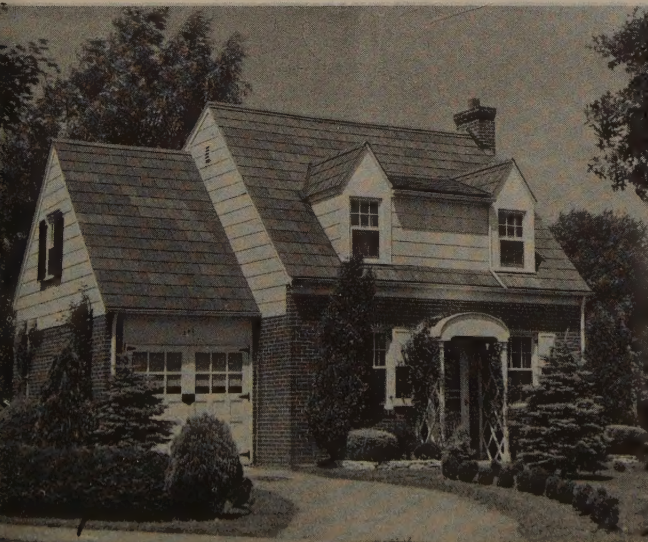
NEW YORK—Dr. Frank W. Price, former moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., called here for the formation of a worldwide organization of Christian farmers and farm families as a step toward improving international relations. He spoke at the annual board meeting of Agricultural Missions, Inc., supported by 29 major U.S. Protestant church bodies and related to the National Council of Churches.

“Co-operation for world peace is needed not only between governments but even more between people,” Dr. Price said. “For the sake of international good will and peace, the great working populations in all countries should come to know one another better.”

“The farmers of the earth are the largest single body of laborers with a similar type of natural environment, similar kind of occupation, similar outlook on life and religion, and similar economic needs and difficulties.”

Dr. Price was a missionary in China for 27 years. Chiding farm people in general for their tendency to concentrate solely on local and personal problems, he urged that they become aware of the “larger economic issues” and “the revolutionary tides of history.” He also urged that the church “stand on the side of the farming people and not on the side of the absentee landlords and business interests that would make money from the land without giving anything back.”

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



THE nursery school mothers were eating in relaxed peace in the school cafeteria, while their four-year-olds ate their food under the supervision of the two preschool teachers.

"Those new vitamin pills I'm taking are wonderful," said Joan. "They relax my nerves."

"Nerves!" exclaimed Anne. "I'd like to see one American woman that doesn't have nerves. Every mother of young children that I know has nerves."

"Women aren't the only ones," retorted Joan. "Men have ulcers and heart attacks. You should have seen my husband when he thought his irregular heart beat was a symptom of heart trouble!"

"But it is queer," said Marian thoughtfully, "that modern women should be troubled with nerves and men, with ulcers. We have everything to make life easier—

cars, power lawnmowers, thermostatic furnaces, automatic washers, freezers, vacuum cleaners, packaged foods—work savers that our grandparents never dreamed of."

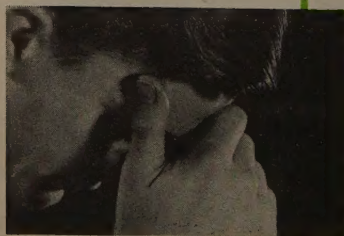
"I don't know about our grandfathers," argued Joan, "but not so much was expected of our grandmothers. They were only expected to look after their homes. They weren't supposed to go to P.T.A. meetings and belong to the League of Women Voters and take Tuesday mornings out for preschool when they should be ironing."

"You're right," agreed Marian. "And our grandmothers weren't expected to be well informed about what was going on in the world and to be glamour girls, too. My grandmother was an old woman at forty. Her clothes were shapeless. Her hair was in a knot, and she was resigned to old age."

"Just the same," said Anne wistfully, "I could use a little of the peace and freedom from nerves of our grandparents and our great-grandparents. What was their secret? They may not have had so many extra duties, but they were certainly kept busy with their homes and large families. Surely, children were naughty and exasperating in those days, too."

Later that afternoon, as I was trying to finish my ironing while the younger children napped, I thought of our luncheon discussion. These were intelligent women, concerned about a too-prevalent problem in our day—nerves and the worry diseases. What was the answer? Why was it that some days we could take things in our stride and other days the dirty finger marks on the wall, the filching of food from the refrigerator, the loud children's voices, the

CURE FOR NERVES



"helping" of two-year-olds seemed almost unbearable?

The more I thought the more I believed the answer lay in lack of faith, and in the substitution of materialism and the enthronement of beauty in place of that faith.

I love beautiful things and am a thrifty soul that knows the value of "things," yet I believe our standard of living has almost become our nemesis. I remember back to the war years of 1942-46 when I said, "All I need to be happy is for all of us to be together and to have a home of our own." Usually, that is enough, but occasionally I knuckle under to the pressure of the times, and I discover I have nerves. We live in a city with a high standard of living, and as you see beautiful homes, well-dressed people, interesting forms of entertainment, and marvelous labor-saving devices, you find yourself saying, "That's for me." Soon men (and often their wives, too) find themselves working to support their conveniences and luxuries. Women develop their nerves, and men, their ulcers.

The enthronement of beauty as an end in itself can be dangerous. The taste of the common, everyday person has improved enormously in the last fifty years. No longer are homes dull, dark studies in tans and browns. Interest in beauty is carrying over to music, dress, and gardening. Home magazines are full of articles and pictures about people who "did it themselves." I have seen friends of mine enlarge their homes and re-do them so that you get a feeling of spaciousness and blended color. Other friends with more money have had built and furnished homes that would do credit to any home magazine. Fine and good, if it is a family project and an expression of love; but when the house and the maintenance of it become the main goals, then danger begins, and tensions and nerves set in.

I know, for I've made that mistake myself several times. I remember when our old house needed painting and repapering, and Irving and I did most of the work ourselves. The result represented

the fulfillment of a dream, and I was proud of the fresh, clear colors and the lovely wallpaper patterns. It became a consuming passion with me to keep the house in its spotless perfection; but I had forgotten about six-month-old Robert and two-year-old Kathleen. He slobbered all over the floor, and she wrote with crayons and pencil over the walls and the wallpaper. Luckily, we had used a washable rubber-base paint on the walls, but the wallpaper was never quite the same. I developed an itch and decided I had caught poison oak when we went on a picnic to the mountains. The rash did not clear up with poison oak medicine, however. We consulted the doctor, and I was humiliated to be given pills for nerves. That diagnosis caught me up short, and I resolved that the house must be secondary to the people in it. God intended us to have beauty, for he made so much of it himself; but beauty must not become an end in itself. A home needs color and charm, but if it is to be a "home" instead of a "house," the people who live in the house are more important than the house itself.

Perhaps modern men and women tend to make a god of beauty or success or "doing the correct thing" because they have not developed a philosophy of life that is adequate for them. They have discarded the superstitions of their ancestors, but have "thrown out the baby with the bath." Our ancestors may have thought the world was created in six twenty-four-hour days and talked of hell and brimstone, but most of them had a faith in God and a belief that what they were doing was important—and thus they were able to rise above the petty irritations or the big problems of the day.

Many modern people go to church—it's a part of good citizenship, like belonging to the P.T.A. the Chamber of Commerce, and giving to the March of Dimes. Belonging to church is not enough. We may differ on details, but everyone, I believe, needs faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man as revealed

(Continued on page 6)

By

Marjorie

King

Garrison

Nearly all of us
suffer from "nerves"
from time to time
because things irritate
and worry us.
Most of these things,
however, really aren't
worth worrying about.

THERE is a creaking hinge, a gust of wind, a banging door, and then, muddy footprints on the floor.

"Mom?"

"Yes."

"I just wanted to know if you were home."

Now there is a glass of milk and a mountainous piece of chocolate cake being set out on the kitchen table. A teen-age son or daughter has just come home. Suddenly, the house that had been very quiet and serene springs into chattering, singing, laughing life.

What of this life? What is this place that is called home, and this institution that is called the family doing for the young person who has come home?

Hearthstone families may live in America, perhaps in a state or province. They may live on a farm, or in a town or city. In any case they live in a house; and because they have chosen to establish a family, the house in which they live has become a home.

Homes are vitally important to our Christian way of life.

A great cry has recently been raised in defense of the home. Some persons have said that the community, the church, and the school have been keeping young people and parents away from home and away from one another. These persons say that, in many cases, the home has become merely a place where a small group of different individuals occasionally hang their hats, change their clothes, eat, and sleep. It would be impossible to say that there is no truth in these statements, but they are not completely true. They do not need to be true.

Because the basic patterns of home life are established when the children are young, it is exceedingly important for parents to look ahead to the years when their children will be teen-agers. They need, from the very start, to establish a pattern of family life that will make the family meaningful to children. Then, when the children reach their teen years, the family will still have a very definite place in their lives.

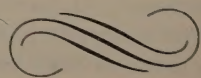
When children are young, all members of the family play together. They should continue this practice as the children grow older. The young people will then be far less inclined to take all their social activities outside the home during their teen years. The teeners will want to be with their parents regularly. They will have a high regard for their parents and be in rapport with them. Because of this rapport, they will feel at ease with their parents and will want to invite friends into the home and center much of their social life there. The home and family can then be the solid foundation upon which the teen-ager builds a wholesome social life.

Of course, young people will participate in church, school, and community activities. They will be interested in sports, dramatics, music, clubs, and parties that frequently take them outside the home. Christian parents take real pride in the achievements of their young persons, and are glad to see them begin to make their own way outside the cloistered walls of the home. Moreover, they are glad that the family and the family's life has made it possible for the young people to move in a widening social circle with poise and assurance. For their part the young people feel a warm sense of joy and security, knowing that their parents are interested in and concerned about them, and are with them all the way.

The home is the basic educational agency in a Christian society. It greatly determines the interests and aptitudes of young people. It can cultivate their appreciation for the finest in art, literature, and music. In order for young people to move confidently in circles outside the home, the family does need to give them a basic education in these areas.

Teen-age young people need to develop an understanding and appreciation of the various visual art forms, such as painting, sculpture, architecture, photography, and motion pictures. All of these forms express certain things about life and culture. Contemporary young people need to give atten-

TEEN- AGERS: are they at home at home?



By
**Evamarie
Ballinger**



George A. Hammond

If you have a pleasant home environment for your children when they are young, they will take a vital interest in the home when they become teen-agers

tion to the ideas and feelings that the artists are expressing, and they may need to be encouraged to learn to use one or more of these mediums in expressing themselves. Members of the family should talk together about their cultural pursuits. They should plan together the interior decoration of the home—selecting color schemes, paintings, furniture, etc. Through activities of this kind, parents can help their teen-agers develop a real appreciation for the fine arts. This appreciation and understanding will contribute materially to their lives.

Usually, in connection with other business, professional, educational, and social interests, both the parents and the children in any family bring home various kinds of literature. Each should take an interest in the stories, plays, poems, essays, and other literary works that the others in

the family are reading. The parents might very well provide a family membership in a book club, or they might set aside a certain amount of money each month to be spent for books. All members of the family should share in determining the books that are to be bought for the home.

Christian family magazines should also be brought into the home regularly; and some use should be made of these publications in a family way, as well as in individual and personal ways. People think as they read, and literature has a great influence on teenage young people. The kind of things they read greatly determines the kind of persons they become. The home in which they live, and the family of which they are a part, should help them develop an appreciation for literature that is fine and wholesome.

The home figures very impor-

tantly in the musical education of teen-agers. If young people are taking music lessons, they are probably practicing in the home. Parents should carefully encourage them in such endeavors so that their hours of practicing may really develop their appreciation for good music, and their ability to play and/or sing well. Almost every home now has a radio. Many have television sets. Much fine music can easily and inexpensively be brought into the home through these mediums, and members of the family should listen regularly to good music. Music, like all art, is a carrier of ideas, feelings, emotions, and moods. Parents should help their teen-agers to understand the things that music expresses about their time and culture, and also how they may express themselves through music in ways where written words seem inadequate.

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Cure for Nerves

(Continued from page 3)

through Jesus Christ our Lord. Everyone needs to feel that there is planning in the universe, and that each individual is a part of that plan. Everyone needs to draw on prayer as a means of sharing his joys and sorrows with God, and of asking God's help in meeting the problems of the day.

Parents also need faith that if they do an intelligent, loving job of raising their children, asking God for his guidance, the children will be a credit to them.

As parents we need to be familiar with the best of modern psychology and medicine in handling our children, but, like beauty, psychology must never be an end in itself. Theories in medicine and psychology change with the years and becloud a parent with uncertainties and worries that he is blighting a period of seven and a half years. When our first child was born, it was the style to keep

a baby rigidly on a schedule and let him scream rather than feed him two minutes early. When our third and fourth children were born, the "demand" schedule was popular, and baby dictated the routine of the family. By the time our fifth child was born, doctors had reached the sensible middle ground that, fortunately, my own doctor and my mother had recommended—a regular routine for the baby, modified to fit his and his family's needs. This is only one field in which psychology and medicine have swung from one end of the pendulum to the other, finally settling in the middle. Remember the battle over formal discipline and self-expression? No wonder parents are full of tension if their only guiding lights are psychology and medicine, unmodified by common sense and a religious faith. The misbehavior of normal children is upsetting

enough without the worry that one might be using the wrong psychology.

If we are not to be upset by "children being children," we need a yardstick of eternal and unchanging values—love and concern over developing each child's best potentialities, and a faith in the meaning of life and God's need for each one of us in his plan of life. When we pattern our relationships with members of our family by these standards, we will not make so many mistakes. Children are quick to forgive, if they feel that their parents love them and have their best interests at heart.

Whenever I get discouraged over what I am accomplishing as a parent or disturbed over the number of "causes" I don't have time for, I get out *The Christian Century* for June 10, 1953, and reread "Homemaking Is My Vocation," by Claire Sherwood Kimble. I recover a feeling that love and Christian dedication make every task meaningful, and that prayer is effective in solving problems and working for causes. Our children are learning to use prayer for guidance and help. Changes in personality that would not yield to will power are yielding to prayer. Recently we went through a siege of four-and-a-half-year-old Kathleen's getting into other people's things; nothing was safe from her inquisitive fingers. Punishment, scolding, reason had no effect on her. Finally, when a crisis was reached, I remembered to resort to prayer. Kathleen began to improve, and even the other children began to notice the change. Recently, nine-year-old Sharon said, "Isn't Kathleen getting good? I prayed to God to help her. Did you pray too, Mother?"

When Christian faith and love guide our relationships with others, nerves and ulcers will no longer characterize modern men and women. If we see purpose in our lives and look on hardships and problems as opportunities to witness for God, then we will have recaptured "what our grandparents had."



Some days it seems that everything goes wrong. But spilling milk on the kitchen floor really isn't such a great tragedy, and it can be wiped up in a jiffy.

photo by erb

THE CRYSTAL MANSE



By Ruth Chase

ANN TERRY had never seen her husband so crushed as he was on this particular Sunday morning.

"Why don't you let me call one of the deacons and tell him you're ill; that you can't preach today?"

"No. I'll have to go through with the service today. I'd be a coward if I ran away from it." His jaw set grimly. "I've told so many of our members that you can't run away from your problems. I have to take my own advice."

Somehow, they must have failed their son.

Why else would he have done this terrible thing?

"But, Dave," Ann protested, "you haven't slept all night, and you look completely worn out."

"You haven't slept either. I'll manage." He picked up the Saturday paper which was worn from many readings. The headlines shouted, for all the world to see:

John Terry, Son of Local Minister, Arrested as Driver of Get-away Car in Bank Robbery.

"It was on the radio and television too," Ann said, dabbing at her eyes with a soggy handkerchief. "Poor John, but how could he have done such a thing? We tried to understand him. We gave him a good home, and we taught him what was right."

Dave sat with his head in his hands and merely shrugged. The whole thing had been such a shock to them both; the headlines, the call from the District Attorney, the visit to the juvenile detention home where their sixteen-year-old son sat with glazed, ashamed eyes, refusing to give any reason for his action.

Ann folded the paper and put it aside. "We know it all by heart, and so does everyone in town. The church will be packed this morning. Everyone will come to church to see how we are taking it."

"That's only natural," Dave explained. "People are curious, especially about ministers' families."

"Huh!" Ann retorted bitterly. "I don't know what there is left for them to be curious about. We live in a crystal manse."

"Every profession has some drawbacks, and what we resent in lack of privacy may be just what John resented. This escapade may be his rebellion." Dave fell silent as he remembered his childhood, for he, too, was the son of a minister. He knew what it was like to feel "owned" by people.

Another question haunted Dave's tired mind. Had he given

so much of his time and understanding to other people that he had not had time to know his own son and his problems? He thought of John's future, with a police record trailing behind him like a dragging chain.

"Somehow we've failed John," Dave said quietly. "I don't know where or how, but we must have. What happens to him is more important than what happens to my job, and our first thought must be how to help John."

Ann nodded. "Do you think the church will ask you to resign?"

"I won't allow them to do that. That would embarrass them and me. No. I'll get through the service and then I'll resign. If I've failed to teach honesty to our own son, the members are justified in believing that I'm incapable of teaching honesty to their children."

"It isn't fair," Ann moaned. "You've worked so hard and you've done so much for this church and for these people."

"Well, we've been happy while we were doing it. Of course, this publicity will make it hard to get another church, but we'll work that out. In the meantime, we must have faith that 'all things work together for good to them that love God. . . .' and that 'nothing can separate us from the love of God. . . .' These are the quotations I've given to others when they couldn't see beyond their problems. These are the same tenets we have to believe now. They gave comfort to others; they will comfort us."

While Ann cleared the breakfast dishes, Dave glanced at his sermon notes. He kept remembering little incidents that had endeared the church and the people to him during the past six years. He had felt so close to these people. He recalled nights by sick beds, emergency wards after acci-

dents, funerals, dedication of babies, held by proud new parents. Sharing the laughter and heartaches of several hundred people left memories that time could never erase because they touched the heart so deeply.

He took a pen from his pocket and began writing his resignation. The words would not come to him, and he tossed the paper aside.

"It's almost eleven," Ann reminded. "You'd better go."

"I'm ready," he said, reaching for his robe. "You don't have to go, Ann. There's no reason why you should sit through this ordeal."

"If you can face them, so can I. We'll go together."

As Ann slipped quietly into a back pew, she knew her worst fears were justified. Every pew was filled.

Dave walked briskly down the center aisle. He paused before the altar, bowed his head for a moment, and then went to the pulpit to join the congregation in singing "Gloria Patri." If this Sunday were different from any other Sunday, he did not show it except in the deeper lines in his face.

The service proceeded, as usual. While the choir sang its anthem, Dave looked about the church as though it were the last time he would see it. The light, streaming through the stained-glass windows, was more inspiring than ever. The richness of the altar, with its brass candelabras and white candles, impressed him with its beauty. The choir sounded even better than usual, and the faces in the pews reminded him of many personal contacts he valued immeasurably. He tried to fathom what was back of each inscrutable face. Was it curiosity? Pity? Condemnation? He could not tell. Often he could feel the mood of the people, but this morning he could only feel numbness.

In the pews there were whis-

you can't preach today?"

pered comments, made discreetly behind hymnbooks: "He looks so haggard." "It must have been awful for them." "I wonder what he'll say about it." "I feel so sorry for his wife, too." "It could have happened to anyone."

When Dave finished his sermon, he stood, for a moment, just looking at his congregation. Ann turned her eyes to the floor as she waited for him to make his resignation. She was no longer bitter about it. She realized that the members were just and that, since she and Dave had failed, it was only fair that they should go and allow the members to call a minister who could provide a family with a spotless reputation.

Some people might have tried to ignore the subject that was uppermost in the minds of all, but Dave knew that would be useless. He could not, in honesty, minimize the seriousness of it either, but he was determined to keep his pride and his dignity. He would not grovel at their feet.

At first he didn't know quite what he would say to the people; but he began to talk simply, hesitatingly, and what he said came from his heart.

"In the six years we have been

with you," he began, "we have shared your problems and your heartaches. You have had our understanding and sympathy. We have not told you that there was an easy way to solve your problems, but we have advised you to face them squarely; to hold onto your faith; to pray; to believe in God and in the innate goodness of your fellow-man. Now we are faced with a serious problem. We know that you share our heartaches, just as we have shared yours. We know that we have your understanding and sympathy, just as you have had ours. It is now our turn to take to heart this same advice which we gave to you, when you were faced with difficulties. We, too, must pray, have faith in God and man, and face our problems squarely."

The members, sitting with upturned faces, were no longer curious strangers. They were friends who loved them; friends who were glad to be able to share their problems. This was their first opportunity to show that they could

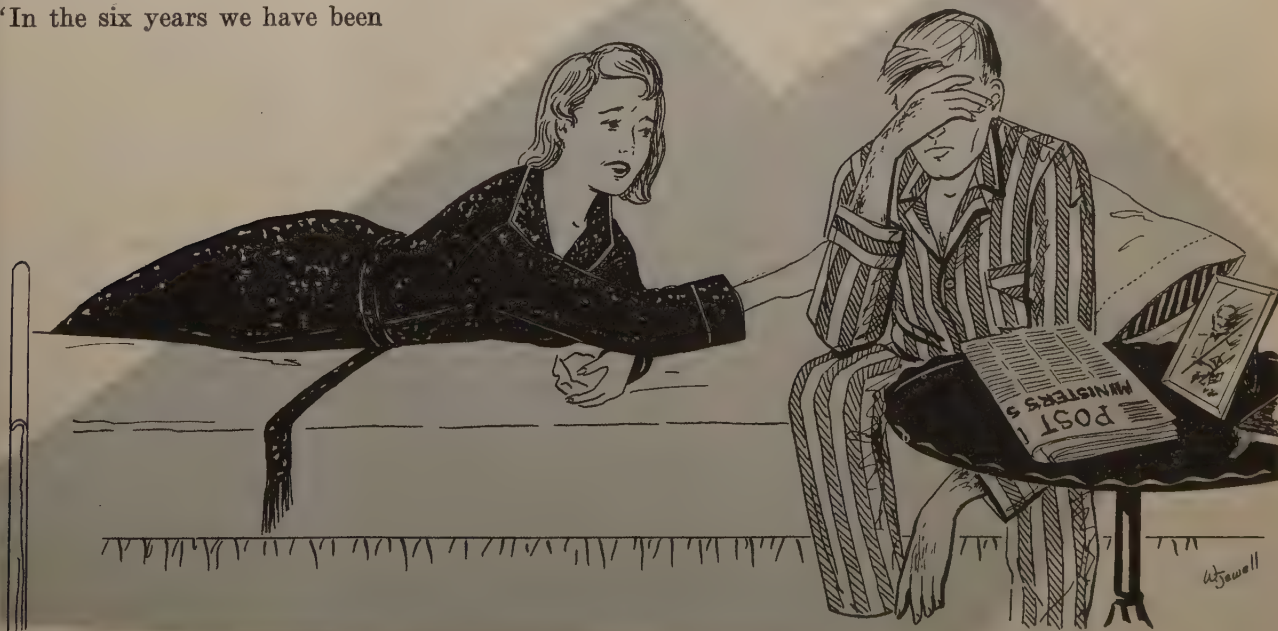
give, as well as receive, comfort and understanding. A strange lightness came over the minister as though a great load had been shared. The chasm that had separated him and Ann from his people was gone, and as he gave the benediction, he felt as though a wall of human faith and support had enveloped them.

As old friends filed past him, at the open door of the church, he found a greater warmth in the handclasp. There was so much in the way of unspoken loyalty and friendship in the smiles on familiar faces. When the chairman of the deacons came by, he said to Dave, "The reason we all turned out today was that we wanted you to know we were all back of you in your trouble."

There was a new radiance on the minister's face as he and Ann left the church and headed toward their "crystal manse." "Don't ever let me do that again," he said to Ann.

"Do what?" she asked.

"Underestimate people."





CHILDREN Like t

by Lillian Richter Reynolds

I SHALL always remember one of my first Sundays in a large city church. I had arrived early and was sitting in the office when a little girl about four years of age wandered by. I thought she might be unhappy at having arrived so early, before anyone else was on hand. I hurried out into the hall and offered to go with her to her room to find something to do. Displaying considerable surprise at my offer, she replied, "You don't need to. This is my church, and I know where to go."

This small girl was at home in a church of nearly four thousand members! Something within her sensed that she was loved and wanted there, and that she belonged. Most children feel that way about the church when given half a chance. Children like to go to church. Modern church schools are planned for children, as well as for adolescents and adults, and are in a position to mean much in the life of a young child. Parents, who through ignorance of the value of a church or who through selfish carelessness deny these good things to their children, are guilty of neglect. They should feel remorse at failing to take advantage of such good opportunities so close at hand.

It is not a coincidence that the church is loved by children. The Christian message is for people of all ages, and children seem to respond instinctively to it. Some of the needs which are basic in young children are best met by the church school, as parents intelligently use what it has to offer; and increasingly parents are recognizing this truth and rising to meet it. As one young father put it, "Sunday morning loafing is over for us. Our three-year-old has discovered Sunday church school."

One thing that gives the church a legitimate claim on the time of parents and breeds affection in the hearts of children is the fellowship offered there. For the three-year-old child the church is probably his only regular opportunity to be with a group of children his own age. His dawning awareness of other people makes the church school a particularly fine place to him. When our own older daughter was

three, she waited eagerly all week for the word that it was now Sunday. On one occasion we had an opportunity to find out what Sunday church school meant to her. One Sunday we had a most unusual happening in our nearly tropical part of the world—it snowed! Only a small number of people arrived at the church that morning, and none of those present were of nursery class age except our child. She was distressed and accused her parents of a double-cross, saying, "You said it was Sunday and it isn't." The fellowship of the church school should not be minimized. Older boys and girls enjoy it, too, as they learn to work together and find satisfaction in group achievement.

Children like the church because it satisfies their natural curiosity about new things. They hear new stories, sing new songs, make new friends, find answers to new questions. A church school that does good teaching makes this fine appeal to its children. For that reason our best church schools plan so that an atmosphere of good time and fun prevails, yet they make sure that real learning takes place. Good church schools grade their curriculum so that children are not burdened by being made to learn that for which they are not yet ready, but are given every opportunity to learn about all the exciting things in God's universe that have a natural appeal and interest for them.

Children need a chance to take their small place in the work of the world, too, and the church is a means of helping them do this. From Thanksgiving baskets to Bibles sent around the world, children help to meet the needs of other people as the church teaches them to share. They sing with zest, "There's work in the world that the children may do. Our Father has planned it this way."

The wonder of religion appeals to children. Christian truths are practical and real and usually understood, yet God and his world have mysteries about them. Children love that which must be sensed with the imagination rather than understood with the mind. As our knowledge increases, many of us seem

o to **C** HURCH

to lose our imagination and our fascination for the things in the world: the none-alike snowflakes; the fluffiness of the white clouds; the language of the ocean's roar; the miracle of answered prayer. The young child sees and hears and wonders—and finds God. Once in a weekday church school session when the children had gone for a walk in the fields to look for things God had made, a little boy said to one of the teachers, "I can't find anything here that God didn't make."

Remember, too, that the church offers a pageantry and a tradition that can be meaningful to children. Church worship is important for older children. Beliefs that took their present form as early as the second century, hymns from the Middle Ages, symbols that speak of the long-ago and yet have meaning for the present give a child a sense of security and of the continuity of things. This goes beyond what his family or his country can do for him. Younger children find dignity and reality in their own groups through such simple rituals as reading a verse from the Bible, or taking an offering and using an offertory prayer song. These opportunities which the church offers our children stimulate their need to be grown up in small ways and to act with poise and quietness. Reverence comes early to a child when he understands something of the purpose of his part in an activity and when he senses the importance of this thing which he does.

Through the ages the church has loved children. Since Jesus himself urged that the children be brought to him, they have come gladly. To this day his church makes them welcome. Through the opportunities offered there, children come to love the church. Every year a larger number of American parents are seeing the value these happy experiences play in the lives of their children. Because it offers them fellowship, and helps them learn new things with wonder, because it makes a place for them in its work and worship, and because it shows them a Father, God, your children will like to go to church.



Harold M. Lambert

Sunday is a day most children look forward to. They see their old friends and meet new ones, sing songs, hear Bible stories, and find answers to their questions about God.

**"Children like the church
because it satisfies
their natural curiosity
about new things"**

TEEN-AGERS: are they at home at home?

(Continued from page 5)

The home should also give young people some political and business insight. During periods in which political issues are being discussed in newspapers, in community groups, and during political campaigns, parents should lead all members of the family in discussing issues and evaluating political programs and platforms. Teen-agers are eager to understand the inner workings of government. They have been taught that theirs is a government of, by, and for the people. They feel they have a stake in their government and want to know how to take an intelligent part in it. Frank and open discussions among members of the family will soon make it clear that there are usually two sides to political questions, but it will also show the young people how to weigh one side against another and come to reasoned judgments. After all of this has been done, the parents should most certainly make their own political interests and beliefs manifest by taking the positive action of going to the polls on election day and voting their own convictions.

In the matter of business parents should not presume that this is a province in which they and they alone have any interest. The teen-agers in the family have an interest in business, too. They need to begin to develop their business interest and acumen within the home. Business pertaining to the family should be discussed among all members of the family. Problems of budgeting should be faced by the family as a whole, and every member of the family should have an opportunity to express himself. Through these means young people can quickly be brought to see that, in spending income, one has to make choices.

Deciding to do one thing will necessarily involve a concomitant decision to give up some other things. Young persons should be helped to see why certain parts of the family's income have to go for such intangibles as insurance, savings, and donations, and why other parts of the income need to be put into investments of one sort or another. If the parents share these concerns with their teen-age sons and daughters, the young persons will grow up in a business environment and become familiar with some basic business techniques.

The family needs to live outside the home too, however. The family cannot live only to itself and for itself. The young people are in school. The father has his business and/or professional interests. The mother has her church and civic activities. The children bring school concerns into the home. The father brings business and professional concerns, and the mother brings social and civic concerns into the home. All members of the family share these interests. Thus, these persons, as a family, live in the community which surrounds them. The community strengthens the home, and the home in turn contributes to and strengthens the community. Christian families are sharing families. They share with one another; they also share with other agencies, institutions, and individuals in the community. As families, and as individuals, they participate in ever-widening circles of life, develop their social consciousness, overcome prejudices of a racial and class nature, and grow to realize the meaning of Christ's concept of brotherhood. They then begin to see the nature of the Kingdom about which Christ dreamed and for which he died.

Parents do have a responsibility to help their teen-agers develop social and racial understanding. In every community there are agencies for improving the conditions of underprivileged groups. Through association with these agencies, Christian families can contribute to the goal of bringing people of different cultural backgrounds into a closer relationship with and understanding of one another.

In one community there is a committee dedicated to helping foreign exchange students develop a better knowledge and appreciation of American ways and ideals. Through the efforts of this group, a number of Christian families are regularly privileged to invite foreign students into their homes. This is usually found to be a most rewarding experience. It gives the family a better appreciation of persons from another culture, and of the culture itself. It gives the exchange student, or perhaps displaced person, an opportunity to see American life at its very best. So the family not only lives in its home, or even just in its own community. The family also lives in the world and bears a decided relationship to the world.

Christian families must definitely live in the church. Every member of the family needs to have a relationship to the church and to the church school; and, as a family, they also need to share their church and religious experiences. At meal times, during evenings when the family is together, and on other occasions they have an opportunity to share their concerns about the church. They should go to the church together in time for church school and should sit together through the worship service. Their faithful observance of the special religious holidays coming each year affords them a marvelous opportunity for drawing themselves closer together, and also for expanding their family circle and enlarging their social and spiritual horizons.

Much has been said regarding the family and the home, and the relationships which individual

(Continued on page 30)

FUN with local clay

Here is a hobby

for the artistically inclined family.

"Da . . . dee . . ." called a sweet young voice.

"Yes, Bouncing-Ball, what is it now?" answered Daddy.

"It is Saturday and a nice bright day, and I wish you would stop calling me by that silly name. Just because I was one of those babies that always bounce up and down, and you and Mom called me Bouncing-Ball, does it have to stick to me all my life?" Drawing her young form up to its fullest height, she said, "I am ten now, and I want the people around here to call me by my proper name 'Berneice.' That is an order."

"What has all this to do with 'It is Saturday and a nice bright day'?" said Dad.

"You remember, Daddy, the evening Mom came home from the pottery class and told us what the teacher had said about going on field trips to look for local clay, and you said we would go on one of those field trips the next fine Saturday."

"O yeah!" chimed in young Peter, jumping up

from the floor where he had been lying on his tummy looking at the funny page of the morning paper.

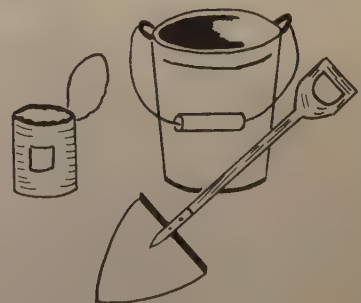
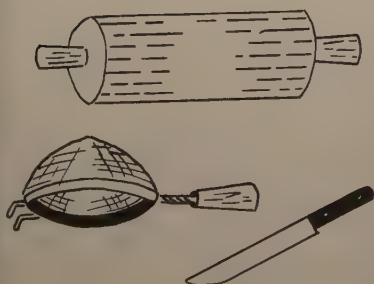
"Dad, don't you remember? You said you would take us on one of those field trips the first fine Saturday that you were free. I'll take the shovel and do the digging."

"That's a laugh," said Sis. "Remember last summer when we found that dead frog in the garden, you could not dig a hole deep enough to bury the frog in."

"Well! that was last year, and besides the ground was hard. Just because you are two years older than me and able to dig a grave deep enough to bury the smelly old thing in, doesn't mean that I can't dig deep this year."

"Here! here! children, that will do. Go and ask your mother if she would like to fix lunch and go on a picnic for the day. A day in the woods and fields will do us all good."

* * *



TOOLS for
CLAY WORK

illustration by the author

How to distinguish clay to refine and make into pottery.

We will now suppose that you are home from your field trip, and have a nice supply of clay. You may not have been successful in finding both clay and temper on this first trip, but as you drive through the city or country, look for deposits of temper.

To distinguish the clay put a pinch of it into the palm of your hand, add a few drops of water, and mix into a paste with your finger. If the mixture is sticky, you can be pretty sure you have found pottery clay. If the clay cracks at the edges when fired, it will need a little temper mixed with it. Temper is a fine clean sand, almost like talc. Sometimes it is found in round deposits in the earth where hills have been cut into to make roads. You will need four parts clay to one part temper.

To refine the clay dump it into a tub or large pan with plenty of water to cover it. Then take a stick or long-handed spoon and swish the clay around in the water. Let it stand until all the bits of dry grass and twigs come to the surface. Skim these off and swish around again. Pour through a coarse strainer, being careful not to lose any of the liquid. Now strain through a finer mesh, and again through a still finer mesh strainer. The last straining will be through an old silk stocking. Let the liquid stand until all the clay settles on the bottom of the pan and the water on the top is clear. Pour this water off, being careful not to disturb the clay. Let it stand again, and repeat. Now leave it until the temper is ready to mix with the clay.

Put the temper through the same process as the clay, but the temper being quite clean when you find it, will need only the two last strainers—the finest wire and the stocking. Let it stand until the temper settles on the bottom of the pan. Then pour off the water as you did with the clay. Your clay and temper are in two separate containers. When both liquids are the same consistency, about like a cake batter, measure into a clean pan four parts of clay and one

It's a fact:

The word "spirit" literally means "breath."

part of temper. Repeat until you have about two quarts of the mixture. Mix well together.

Have handy some empty cardboard boxes about two inches high or higher (not cartons). Shoe boxes will do. The ones without paper lining are best, as the cardboard absorbs the moisture more quickly. These boxes are called drying-trays. Pour the mixture into these trays to the thickness of one-half inch. Let the mixture stand in the sun until it is the consistency of biscuit dough. This may take

from thirty to sixty minutes, depending on the dryness of the air and the heat of the sun.

You will need a piece of oilcloth about one yard square. If you are working in the garage, place this cloth on the cement floor wrong side up. Now take a big handful of the clay and work it with both hands. Then with all the strength you can muster throw it onto the oilcloth on the floor. Gather it up and repeat about twenty times. This is called "packing the clay"; and the more you pack it, the better your pottery will be.

To test the clay to see if it is packed enough stretch a piece of wire (wire from an old broom will do) across a pail or tub and fasten to the eyelets where the handles are. Make it taut, then take the wad of clay you have been packing, hold it with both hands, and press it against the wire, cutting the clay in two. Now look at the clay. If it has any air holes, you will have to put it together and throw it onto the oilcloth again. Keep on testing for air holes. When it is free from air holes and is smooth to the touch, wrap it in a damp cloth, then in wax paper to keep it from drying and getting hard. Repeat until all the clay has been packed.

The next procedure will be to start making pottery. We will start with a bowl, as they are simple to make. After you know how to make bowls, you will be able to make anything in the pottery field: cups, saucers, teapots, cream and sugar sets. It will be fun.

Tools for modeling: Two pieces of an old sheet about eighteen inches long and eighteen inches wide, a rolling pin, two sticks of wood about eighteen inches long, one-quarter-inch thick, one of the wire strainers, and a modeling tool if you have one; if not, you can make one from a piece of wood. A lead pencil can be made into a tool by whittling the blunt end to the shape of your little finger. Make it flat.

Procedure for making the bowl: Place one piece of the cotton on the worktable; fasten at the corners with thumbtacks making the cotton taut. Take a ball of the clay about the size of a large orange, place it in the center of the cotton, and press it down to the thickness of half an inch. Spread the other piece of cotton on top of the clay and place a stick on each side, just far enough apart for the edges of the rolling pin to rest on. Roll the clay until it is the thickness of the sticks. This will give an even thickness. Have one of the wire strainers (which is to be the mold for your bowl) turned upside down on the table beside you. Take a piece of the stocking (it must have no holes in it) large enough to cover the strainer, wet it, and stretch it over the mold. Try to have no folds at the edge. Now remove the top piece of cotton and the thumbtacks from the bottom cloth. Place your left hand under the bottom cloth and turn the clay over on top of the mold. Remove the cloth and press the clay to the shape of the mold, being careful not to have any folds at the edge of the clay. Press the clay into shape. Do not

(Continued on page 26)

INDIAN SUMMER



By Loie Brandom

When Indian Summer's haze,
Puts you in a dreamy daze,
Then come to our heap-big pow-wow;
There you'll meet your Indian brothers,
Their sweethearts, squaws, and mothers,
And to each we'll say a friendly, How! How!

Use dark brown "butcher's wrapping paper," and cut in such a way as to make the required number of miniature Indian tepees. When the tepee flaps are opened, the above invitation verse is found written on the inside, together with the hour, date, and place of meeting.

Also use the Indian theme in the decorations throughout the rooms. Shocks of corn placed in the corners make interesting tepees, and toy bows and arrows decorating the walls can be used in games later in the evening.

To add even more realism, secure some large turkey or hen wing feathers from a poultry farm, dye them brilliant red, blue, yellow, and green, attach them upright with wide rubber bands, and upon the guests' arrival, initiate each by placing one of these feather-trimmed headdresses upon his head. That will really put the guests in the right spirit for the fun to follow.

To start the evening off in friendly fashion explain to each arrival that every Indian must say "how" to every other Indian present, at the same time shaking hands with him—with the *left* hand only. If anyone is caught using the right hand during the greeting, he must pay a forfeit which later must be redeemed.

While the greetings are still in progress, pin on the back of each Indian a slip of paper on which is

written the name of some different wild animal such as bear, lion, wolf, tiger, etc. At the same time distribute pencils and paper and announce that the Indian hunter who can produce the longest list of wild animals, captured between the two ringings of a bell, will receive a nice hunter's award.

The Mighty Hunters. Divide the Indian braves into teams of four each. On the wall at one end of the room have tacked as many large pictures of wild animals as there are teams. Supply each team leader with a toy bow and three arrows. (Darts may be used instead of the bows and arrows if desired.) The leader of each team, at the given signal, then tries to hit with his arrows, the animal pictured as belonging to his team. Each hit he makes on the body of the animal counts twenty points for his team. When his three arrows have been shot, he hands the bow to the next brave on his team, who as quickly as possible tries his skill at wild game hunting with the primitive Indian weapons. When the last man of any team has had his try, the scores are totaled, and the team having made the most direct hits, wins the title of the Mighty Hunters and also a worth-while prize.

Feather! Feather! Who Has the Feather? The following game is often played with the use of a button, marble, coin, or other solid object, but try playing it with a small, brightly colored feather and discover how really difficult the game can become.

A "chief" is chosen, and the rest of the Indians form a circle, each one clasping with his left hand the right wrist of his left-hand tribesman. This makes all of the left hands occupied and leaves all the right hands free. The chief hands a feather to

(Continued on page 26)



I get to sleep on top,
don't I, Mama?



Lessee, now. It's Dianne's turn to
sleep on top.



They're both gone now. C'mon up.

IT'S NO easy task, so parents say, to get children to take an afternoon nap. Twins just double the trouble, which is the case with Dianne and Dolores Stroud, 4, of Everett, Washington.

In theory a double bunk should halve the problem of getting the twins to simmer down and go to sleep. But it doesn't quite work out that way. Another problem rears its head. *Both* want to sleep on top.

"I wanna sleep on top. It's *my* turn to sleep on top!"

"It's *not* your turn. You slept on top last time!"
What now, brown cow?

A chart, supervised by Father, does the trick. There's no disputing Father's final word, you know.

And so peace and quiet will reign for two hours and no more.



Can't you make it?

DOUBLE TROUBLE



O.K. I'll come down.

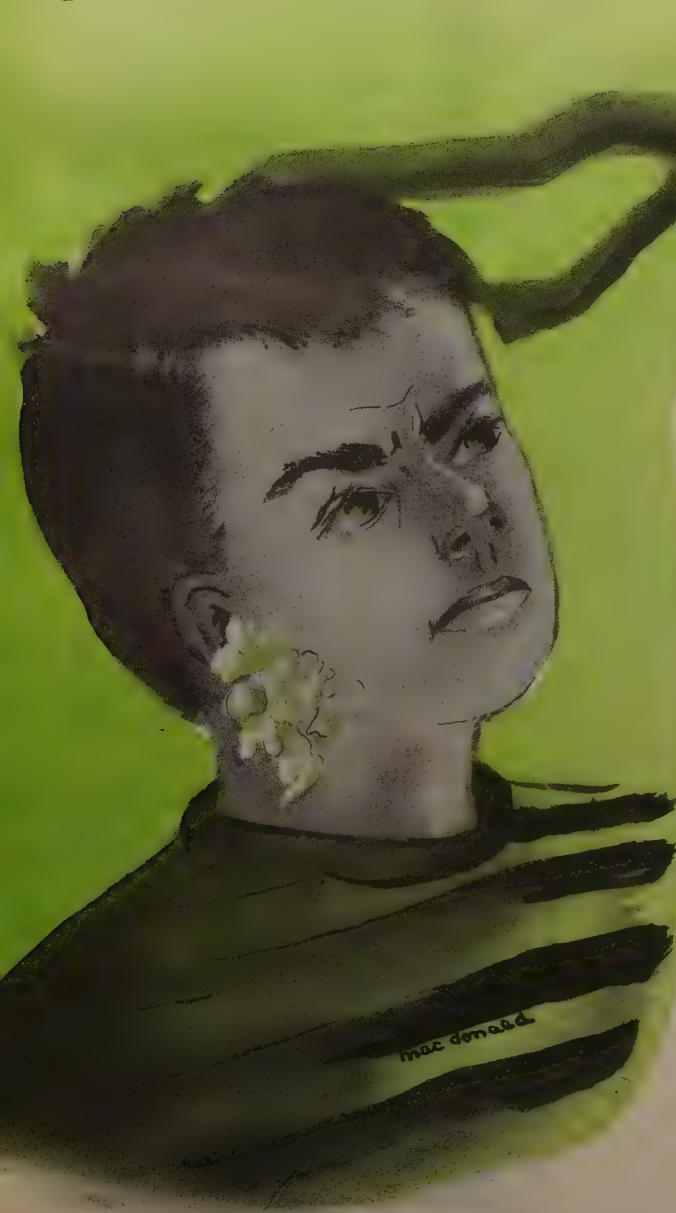


Hey, you kids! You're supposed to be taking a nap. Get untangled.

Photos and Feature

By Eric Wahleen

Little Boy Who Grew a Beard



by Dorothy Roby Schneider

ONCE there was a little boy who grew a beard every time he took a bath in the bathtub. It was a huge, soft, white, fluffy beard. The beard grew on his chin, on his cheeks, on the tip of his nose, on the back of his neck, and it even grew out of his ears.

The little boy liked the feel of his beard, all smooth and soapy. Sometimes his mother held a mirror so he could see his beard. He liked the way it looked: a little like St. Nicholas, a little like his father when he shaved, and not anything like himself.

The little boy never grew a beard except when he was in the bathtub. When it was time to get out of the bathtub, his mother always washed off his beard. Sometimes it tickled. The little boy laughed while his mother washed the beard off his chin, off his cheeks, off the tip of his nose, and off the back of his neck. But he never, never laughed when she washed the beard out of his ears!

"No, Mother, no!" begged the little boy. "Don't wash the beard out of my ears. Stop, Mother, stop!"

He squirmed, he splashed, and sometimes he even cried.

"But you can't go around with a beard growing out of your ears," said his mother. She went right on washing the beard out of his ears.

One day the little boy squirmed and splashed and cried and begged harder than ever.

"All right," said his mother, "you may keep the beard in your ears."

The little boy got dressed as fast as he could and went outdoors to look for his friends. First he ran to the big oak tree and called up to Mother Robin who had a nest in the tree.

(Continued-on page 30)

NOTE TO PARENTS:

When God made us, he put us inside of bodies, and there are laws of cleanliness which we must obey in order to take care of our bodies. Yet what a battle it sometimes is to teach little ones to obey cheerfully even this simple rule. Here is a story just long enough to tell in your own words while you are scrubbing a small one in the bathtub, a time when the battle is likely to be in full swing.

WORSHIP

in the family with children

THEME FOR OCTOBER: **Enjoying the Bible**

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

A Bible Song

All day Saturday as Bobbie played he sang,

I was glad when they said to me,

"Let us go to the house of the Lord!"

"Bobbie," Grandfather asked, "What are you singing?"

"Oh, a church song."

"I see," Grandfather said. "I think I would like to sing it. Do you think I could learn it?"

Bobbie laughed. It seemed funny that Grandfather wanted to learn his song!

"Sing with me, Grandfather," he said. So Grandfather tried to sing it, too.

Suddenly, Bobbie stopped singing. "What does it mean, Grandfather? What is the 'house of the Lord'?"

"That's another name for the church," Grandfather explained. "Long, long ago, people sang those words as they walked to their church. They were so glad to be able to go to church, and to say thank you to God for all his good plans for them."

"That's funny," Bobbie said. "I didn't know people sang this song before."

"Oh, yes. It is a verse in the Bible," Grandfather answered.

"Show me," Bobbie insisted.

Grandfather got his Bible and opened it to where it read,

I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the Lord!"

"Here it is," he said. Then he read it so Bobbie could hear how the words sounded when they were not sung.

When Grandfather and Bobbie went to church on Sunday, Grandfather began to sing the song.

Bobbie walked along quietly. "You know, Grandfather," he said, "I'm glad the Bible tells us about church. Those people felt as I do about going to church."

"I'm glad, too," Grandfather said.

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Eva Luoma



TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

Favorite Stories

Vivian and Andrew sat in the living room reading. The only sound to be heard was the crackling of the fire in the fireplace, and the ticking of the mantel clock.

"Oh, what a good story!" Andrew said as he closed his book. "I surely do like it when a story ends right."

Vivian closed her book, too. "I do, too," she said. "I'm not sure that this one will, though. I want to know so much that sometimes I'm tempted to turn to the back of the book to find out!"

"But that would spoil it," Andrew objected.

Father rustled his newspaper. The children looked at him, and his eyes met theirs over the top of the pages.

"Why do you think every story should end just as you want it to?" he asked.

"Well, when I read a story, I hope that the hero will get what he wants, and that everything will end happily," Andrew answered.

"I do, too," Vivian added. "I usually put myself in the place of the hero, and so I think the story should end as I want it to, if I really were the hero."

"Well," Father agreed, "I guess that is a good reason; however, true stories do not always end happily, or in such a way that we think they have a happy ending. Of course, we cannot always see far enough into the future to know how things may change; so what may seem to be the wrong ending, or an unhappy one, may not be at all."

"I suppose that is right," Andrew said slowly. "It's like the time I was sick, and Uncle Jack came and took me to New York.

If I'd been well so I could have gone to the fair, I wouldn't have been here when he came."

Father nodded, then seemed to change the subject. "What are your favorite stories?"

Andrew and Vivian looked at one another. "Oh, we have a lot," they said, and began to name such books as *Heidi*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Hans Brinker*, and *Treasure Island*.

"Of course," added Vivian, "there are other books I like, too, such as *Caddie Woodlawn* and *Hitty*."

"And I could add *A Penny's Worth of Character* and *Brighty of the Grand Canyon*," said Andrew.

"I, too, have some favorite stories," Father said. The children looked at him in surprise. "Mine have names such as Samuel, David, Joseph, and Jesus."

"Oh, the Bible!" both children said. "Well, they are ours, too!"

Gedge Harmon



God's Guide

The Bible helps me in my work,
It helps me in my play,
It isn't just for Sunday—
It's a guide for every day.

I think about a Bible verse
When I'm tempted to do wrong;
It always helps to lead me
And make me kind and strong.

—Annie Laurie Von Tungeln

Thanks for Autumn

We thank you, God,
And sing your praise
For blue, blue skies
And autumn days.

We thank you, God,
For trees that hold
Your autumn gifts
Of red and gold.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Call to Worship:

Blessed are those whose way is blameless,
who walk in the law of the Lord!
Blessed are those who keep his testimonies,
who seek him with their whole heart,
who also do no wrong,
but walk in his ways!

—Psalm 119:1-3.

Song: Use a favorite song about the Bible (found in most hymnals, as well as in your child's church school books).

Poem: Use one of those printed on these pages.

Meditation: Use your own meditation based on a favorite passage of scripture; or use "Thinking About the Bible," printed on this page; or, better still, discuss in your family what the Bible means to you and use your own list as the basis of your meditation.

Prayer: Dear God, thank you for the Bible, and for the joys it brings to us. Amen.

A Bible Poem

Oh, how I love thy law!
It is my meditation all the day.
Thy commandment makes me wiser than my enemies,
for it is ever with me.
I have more understanding than all my teachers,
for thy testimonies are my meditation.
I understand more than the aged,
for I keep thy precepts.
I hold back my feet from every evil way,
in order to keep thy word.
I do not turn aside from thy ordinances,
for thou hast taught me.
How sweet are thy words to my taste,
sweeter than honey to my mouth!
Through thy precepts I get understanding;
therefore I hate every false way.

—Psalm 119:97-104.

Evening Prayer

Dear Lord, as night comes on we say,
Thank you, Lord, for a happy day.
Oh, keep us safe all through the night,
And wake us with the morning light.

—Amen.

—Mrs. W. L. Hart

A Sunday Grace

I thank you, God, for this,
Your special day of rest.
May workers everywhere,
By you be ever blessed.

—George Ryder

Thinking About the Bible

Think about the Bible. What does it mean to you?
Is it just another book among the many in the world?
Is it special in some way? If so, how?

Think about this and list what the Bible means to you. Your list may look something like this:

It tells about the beginnings of the world.
It tells about God and his plans for the world.
It tells about God's love for his people.
It tells the story of the life of Jesus.
It tells about the good that Jesus did.
It tells the courageous way in which Jesus faced his enemies, and went to the cross.
It tells about how the church began.
It tells about both the good and bad of men who tried to live as God wanted them to.
It tells about the bravery and courage of the early Christians.
It contains stories of adventure.
Its language is beautiful and poetic.
It helps me know why I am here.
It explains why God never stops loving me.
It helps me to know how to worship.
It contains passages that help me worship.
It gives me strength and courage.

Gedge Harmon



TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN THE HOME

● Study Article and Guide
for Parents' Groups

By Caryl D. Slifer

RECENTLY, I asked my six-foot-three, 190-pound, high school senior son: "Dave, what would you do if someone asked you to take a drink?"

He laughed at me. "What a silly question," he scoffed. "I wouldn't be any place where anybody could offer me a drink. But if I were, I'd say, 'No thanks,' and ask for a coke." Then he added with an ominous gleam in his eye: "And if they tried to force me, I'd fight 'em."

Superb, self-confident 17-year-old! To him, "drinking" is no problem. He doesn't see how alcohol can ever make life difficult for him. But in another year, he'll be off to college. There he can't isolate himself from temptation so easily as he has at home. Frankly, we had worried about that, but now his ready laugh dispelled our fears. That told us he is well fortified for the future. Unconsciously, his home environment and teachings have been effective.

How can a child be so fortified? How can he acquire strong convictions about drinking? How can he resist the pressure of the crowd, the appeal of advertising? Unfortunately, social drinking is presented seductively as the polite and popular part of parties. The advertisements say it makes a man or woman a success—that it adds immeasurably to one's charm and self-assurance—that to abstain from drinking is not only peculiar, but the mark of a social outcast.

I've been trying to analyze our own approach to our children on this subject. It is difficult to be specific without sounding as though alcohol has been a constant topic in our home. On the contrary, I am sure no one of us has ever been conscious of its prominence as a part of parental pressure. We have tried in everything to plant and cultivate the natural

growth of convictions through daily living and contacts. We are now in danger of sounding like ponderous parents, but we will sit down and search through our experiences to share with you the methods which were subconsciously a part of our children's training.

This training seems to have been three-sided, although each side overlaps the others. 1) We set an example of total abstinence ourselves. 2) We talked about the problem naturally in family conversation. 3) We illustrated, when we could, with examples of drinking troubles outside the home which were close enough to seem personal to the children.

1) EXAMPLE

A college freshman was home for her first vacation. Her mother was asking her about the campus standards regarding alcohol. The girl admitted she had been shocked by what she had seen. Her mother questioned her more closely—what type were these girls who "came in drunk"—would you call them wild? Thoughtfully the daughter rose to their defense, but added that most of them had been accustomed to alcohol served in their homes. This had obviously been a dangerous example for them, and had left them unprepared for the larger freedom of college life.

Example, however, is not limited to the absence of liquor as a beverage in the home. It includes the careful selection of friends' homes to which we take our children. It guides the choice of restaurant where the family eats outside the home. Here, especially, is an opportunity to explain to the children the harm of alcohol, and our desire to avoid adding to the profit of those selling such beverages.

Family parties for all ages also help to set the right example. It's a lot more trouble for parents to plan such parties, but for the children the memory and experience will always combat social pressure when it insists you must drink to have fun. We have learned that these parties impress grown-ups, as well as children. Our town has a transient population; so we often entertain groups of new church friends. At these parties we not only have fun, but also talk about the fellowship and opportunities for service within our church. Comments afterward surprised us. Many folks, accustomed a cocktail parties, were encouraged by the fun they had at our house to plan similar parties in theirs. Sometimes, our guests were new business associates whom my husband invited for an evening of dinner and games. One of these men confessed the next morning to his office-mate: "I never knew you could have so much fun without a bottle."

One evening, when our children were small, a bride and groom came to see us. They said they had a problem and needed our help.

"What do we do," the young husband asked, "when executives in my company invite us to cocktail parties? I'm new, I like the company, I like my work. There's a good future in it for me if I can make the right impressions. But I wasn't brought up to drink. Must I start now? Should I refuse these invitations, or should I go and refuse to drink? Do I dare offend the men for whom I work?"

These young people were in the church school classes which we teach. Although we were not many years older, we had had time to become established in the community. So they felt we could help them.

We were glad to share our experiences with them. We, too, had had to attend business gatherings where cocktails were served, but we had always courteously refused them. Our choice had never been questioned. Often, other guests had expressed to us a wish that they could refuse, also, thus encouraging us in the stand we had taken. Our hosts usually offered us substitute beverages, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that they were saving money on us! We had never felt a lessening of respect because of our refusal. Quite the contrary!

2) DISCUSSION

In family discussions we have often referred to this problem of our young friends who were grateful for our moral support. In fact, they have since moved to a distant state, and are now executives in the company which long ago they feared they might offend. Their warm Christmas greeting each year has given us one of many such opportunities to prepare our children for the decisions they must make for themselves some day.

Similar discussions occurred when watching TV programs or listening to radio broadcasts together. When alcoholic beverages were advertised, as they are so frequently, we talked of their destructive in-

When young people go to college, they often find themselves at social functions where drinks are served. If you have been successful in giving your boys and girls strong convictions against drinking alcoholic beverages, you need not worry when they are offered a drink.



photo by erb

fluence on American life, and praised the constructive type of advertising. These discussions were never forced or artificial, but resulted naturally as we took advantage of opportunities.

Situations around all of us offer such advantages: no alcohol sold on turnpikes because of dangerous effects on fast drivers; no drinking allowed to athletes because it lowers a player's value to his team; continuous drinking in some movies, and "drunks" presented as comic characters in others.

Frequently, my husband and I have been invited to weddings where champagne was served. In telling our children about it afterward, we regretted the popular opinion that an alcoholic toast is a "must" at so many weddings. We proposed an unanswered question: "Why do even church members so often feel that when two lives are joined into one as God has planned, this solemn and holy ceremony must be hilariously celebrated by 'spiked' punch?"

I believe that most children have a naturally rebellious streak. When grown-ups say "don't," the child wants to "do." Just so, a negative approach to the drinking question is unwise. Extreme arguments such as, "Don't drink or you may become an alcoholic," or "Don't drink because it will make you a bum," have often challenged a resentful youth to try to prove he *could* drink without reaching either of these tragic conditions.

Positive arguments are better, appealing to a child's reason. Jesus believed this. He said that

loving God and one's neighbor were better discipline than observing the "do nots" in the Ten Commandments. He went about doing good. Young Christians must follow his example. It is not "Can I drink and still be a Christian?" Rather, it is "Which is more important to me—the drink, or being a Christian? Does the one help or hinder the other?" Drinking is self-indulgence, and we know that Christ would not endanger either his own life or that of others in such a way.

Paul, too, stated in 1 Corinthians 8:13 that if meat caused his brother to stumble, he would not partake of it. Alcohol has always caused people to stumble. Both Jesus and Paul exhort us to help and not to hinder.

3) ILLUSTRATION

This is positive reasoning—an ideal for our young people—but it remains for us to *prove* that alcohol in even the slightest quantity does cause one to stumble. For this we can draw the children's attention to illustrations from the circle of our friends and acquaintances.

In the course of civic duty, my husband served as foreman of the Grand Jury. He was sworn to secrecy as to names and details of the cases reviewed. There were, however, general facts he could report to his family. Almost all the cases were directly traceable to alcohol, and the legal complications became for our children a revelation of the sordid effects of selfish indulgence.

Study Guide

I. The Leader's Preparation for the Meeting

1. Advertise your meeting with the question: Are the young people in your home prepared to face alcohol?

2. An effective poster would be a liquor ad in color from a magazine, with a caption above: What would Jesus do about this? Below the ad announce

time and place of meeting.

3. Search the Scriptures for biblical background. Your minister can add to this list:

Leviticus 10:8-11—God's command to church leaders

Proverbs 31:4-5—Abstinence for state leaders

Luke 1:13-16—John the Baptist's consecration foretold.

1 Cor. 3:16-17—Man—the temple of God.

Habakkuk 2:15—Woe to one who serves drinks.

4. Write to your State Temperance League for information and material. If you don't have the address, write National Temperance League, Washington, D. C. Most state leagues publish a newspaper periodically, and would be glad to supply enough copies of the current issue for your meeting.

5. Secure enough copies of *A Primer on Alcohol* @ 5¢ each. Address: Council on Christian Social Progress, 152 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

6. Be alert for current liquor advertising in magazines, newspapers, radio, and TV. Someone in your group might be prepared to report on this, briefly.

7. Place on exhibit the Dec. 25, 1955, special issue of *Life* magazine—subject "Christianity"—in which no alcohol ad appeared.

II. The Session

1. For your devotions let the group read your chosen scripture passages together, and decide aloud the message from each passage.

2. Quote from Angelo Patri: "Politics, manners, habits of behavior, even tastes of food, are not inherited; they
(Continued on page 28)

These were strangers to our children, but through the years there have been tragedies in the homes of people they did know. A business associate of my husband lost his job because he could not control his thirst for drink. The wife of another left him because his behavior under effects of alcohol had frequently brought embarrassment to both of them.

The grief of another wonderful family made a deep impression on our children. In this case a speeding driver had had a few drinks. He didn't see the boy on a bicycle, crossing the wide street in front of his home. It was Mother's Day, but the boy was killed, and his mother's heart was broken.

There was also an example within our own church. A lovable young man brought grief and shame to his family by his weakness for alcohol. His three tiny children became afraid of him, his wife had to go to work, and his friends were ashamed of him. I doubt if our teen-age boy will ever forget the call

he made with me on this family one day. But he knows too, the story's happier ending. The power of God is now working in this young man's life, reclaiming him into total abstinence and reformed living.

The very history of our local church is a witness to the alcohol problem. In one sense our church was founded unwittingly by a "bunch of drunks." Sixty years ago, a dark, cave-like covered bridge spanned the creek separating the two halves of our town. There were saloons at either end of the bridge, and sodden Saturday night patrons often stumbled into the bridge's black shadows to sleep. On Sunday mornings it made a frightening crossing for small children on their way from our side of town to the church on the other side. To protect their children a group of mothers formed a church school on our side. A strong and active church is the result.

(Continued on page 28)

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Poisonous snake -----	32 101 64 119 25
B Golden colored bird -----	57 85 14 81 30 19
C A Flaming light -----	41 110 124 34 120
D One and a quarter dozen -----	26 6 42 1 71 33 89
E Place in a bank where money is kept -----	18 44 117 103 22
F Large African snake -----	115 17 20 94 51
G Bloodsucking worm -----	127 112 50 28 53
H Poison from a serpent -----	111 83 102 47 70
I Go over the lesson again -----	52 78 105 61 5 79
J More sick -----	107 31 13 133 121
K Large snake -----	36 96 45 23 3 8 37
L It's good with a sandwich -----	97 90 10 82 130 99
M Something for the bed -----	55 69 108 27 62
N Responsibility for wrongdoing -----	49 12 132 16 126
O Person who catches trout -----	46 67 38 77 93 4
P To deceive -----	113 109 21 95 122

Q Biblical King -----	92 2 54 48 74 9 63
R Scenes -----	129 87 11 60 118
S To stun with surprise -----	84 7 56 39 65 75 58
T A hunting dog -----	80 128 40 72 100
U Short letters -----	15 104 73 114 68
V Pelted with stones -----	88 29 59 66 24 76
W Toward the side -----	116 86 123 131 43
X A little piece, as a sample ---	91 35 125 98 106

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3	4	5		6	7		8	9	
10	11	12	13		14	15		16	17	18	19	
20	21	22		23	24	25	26	27	28	29		30
31	32	33		34	35	36	37	38		39	40	41
	42	43	44	45		46	47	48		49	50	51
52		53	54	55		56	57		58	59		60
61	62	63		64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73		74	75	76		77	78		79	80	81	
82	83	84	85	86		87	88		89	90	91	
92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100		101	102	
103	104	105	106		107	108		109	110	111	112	
113	114	115	116	117	118	119		120	121		122	123
124	125	126		127	128	129	130	131		132	133	

● Fun with Local Clay

(Continued from page 14)

stretch it, for stretching will undo all the hard work of your packing.

Now trim the edge of your bowl about half an inch from the edge of the mold. Place a damp cloth (not wet) over the bowl. Do not remove the bowl from the mold. Place your work to one side while you make the base. To make the base take a piece of soft clay and roll it between your hand and the table until it is the thickness of your little finger and long enough to circle your wrist. Cut the ends on a slant and join by welding the two ends together. This circle will be the base or stand for your bowl. If the clay should crack when you coil it, your clay has been too hard. Put it under a damp cloth and leave it. Take another softer piece of clay and try again.

To join the base to the bowl: Dip your finger in water and slightly moisten the bowl and base where they are to join each other. Now place the base on the bowl (be sure that it is well-centered) and press gently but firmly together with a wriggling movement. This movement will cause a suction which will hold the two together. They will also have to be welded together. This is where the modeling tool will come into action. With the tip of the tool work a little of the clay of the bowl into the base, then a little of the clay of the base into the bowl (this is called welding).

Continue this welding all around the inside and outside of the base. Be sure not to leave any air holes in your work. Smooth over the welding with the tip of your finger; cover with a dry cloth and set aside to get firm enough so it will not lose its shape when you lift it from the mold. When it is this firm, make a pad about two inches square. Lift the bowl from the mold, place the pad on top of the mold, and replace the bowl; this will give a little space between the bowl and the mold, allowing room for shrinkage; for the clay shrinks as it dries. The bowl must dry slowly, or it will crack around the edge; if it should crack, fold a damp cloth around the edge of the bowl until the clay is soft enough to weld the two edges of the crack together. If it is too badly cracked to make a neat job of the welding, you had better undo your work and make a new bowl. This will be good practice for you.

Let the bowl dry thoroughly. When it is quite firm, lift it off the mold, using both hands, and set it on its base. From now on use both hands when handling your work, or you will find a piece of the bowl in your hand and the rest of it in smithereens on the floor. When the bowl is "bone dry," take a piece of fine sandpaper and smooth off the rough edges. With the sharp end of a nail carve your identification mark and date on the bottom inside the base.

Your work is now ready to be fired and glazed; a transparent glaze is nice for these local clays. Most ceramic supply shops will do your firing and glazing.

● Indian Summer

(Continued from page 15)

some player, then takes his place in the center of the circle. The chief shuts his eyes while soft music is being played, and the Indians keep their hands swaying rhythmically back and forth in front of them, from one neighbor's hand to the other neighbor's hand, and the feather is passed in this way around the circle. When the music stops, the chief opens his eyes and tries to locate the holder of the feather. He touches the hand in which he believes the feather might be. If he guesses correctly, he and the holder exchange places. If he does not guess correctly, he remains chief until he finds it.

Another good feather game is one which the Indian children probably played before the white man ever arrived in this country. Two lines are marked off several yards apart. One is used as the goal; the other, as the starting line. The contestants are each given a light fluffy feather, and they take their places on the starting line. At a certain signal the players toss their feathers into the air and begin blowing them, each trying to be first to get his feather across the goal mark.

Indian knowledge of the out-of-doors has always been legendary; so the next game will have to do with Indian Summer in that way. The players form a circle, and each one is given the name of some woodland object, such as a brook, a squirrel, birds, wind in the trees, a cricket, bees, etc. Someone then tells a story in which all these woodland objects are mentioned, one at a time. As each player hears his make-believe name called, he imitates the sound made by the object he represents. Thus, a brook gurgles, a squirrel chatters, birds twitter or sing, the wind in the trees sighs, the crickets chirp, bees buzz or hum, etc. If there are a large number of players and two or three are given the name of the same object, that will be all right, too. A good storyteller can make this a most interesting game.

Indian Warrior. The players cluster about one person who is called the warrior and is blindfolded. The warrior counts to ten quite rapidly; and while he is counting, the players scatter in all directions. When ten is reached, he calls "Halt! No more runaway." The players must then stand perfectly still and keep absolutely quiet. The warrior tries to locate and identify one of the players. Three steps are allowed each player, which may be used at any time to avoid being caught; but as soon as a player is caught and identified, he becomes the warrior.

Since apples are among the most enjoyable and available of the Indian Summer products, the refreshments can be planned with them in mind. Either apple dumplings served with a lemon sauce, or apple pie topped with a scoop of ice cream, together with a hot drink, make a delicious ending for a most delightful occasion—one your guests will long remember.

Candied red apples on sticks, popcorn balls, and salted nuts in dainty containers make suitable prizes for the various games.

A Home of Quiet Peace

By Jean Louise Smith

THE room was bathed in mellow lamplight, and the music of a gay Mozart string quartet came from the radio. In the big wing chair sat a mother giving her month-old baby his bottle. She was not so young as most mothers with their first child. In fact, she was nearly forty, but what was most evident was not her age, but the air of quiet repose that radiated from her.

After the baby had been put into his crib, this father and mother told the story of having waited fifteen years for a child.

"He is going to have older parents than many of his playmates," the father said. "But there will be compensations."

"We promise that he shall have a home of quiet peace," the mother explained. "Ours has always been that kind of home, and it always will be."

I watched this mother change the baby later on in the evening and saw that no motion was hurried. There was no disorder in the tiny nursery. Another day, when the father was in charge of the baby and the mother was writing at her typewriter, it was the same. Father was quiet and gentle in every move. There was laughter. There was music. It was the kind of atmosphere that was restoring and heartening to see and to be in.

It set some of us to thinking and asking, "Can they keep this up?" We decided that they probably shall, because their home has always been that way. They have been unhurried in the midst of pressure; calm in crises. Crises have come in the form of long en-

forced separation, death, and financial reverses. Having maintained a confident peace thus far, the chances of keeping it and of passing it on to the child are great.

How did they achieve this quality of life? Of two things we are sure: They have a deep mutual love and respect for each other—love that is solid and steady; and they are Christians—practicing Christians. They believe that what they are should be a reflection of what they believe in their minds and hearts.

You ask them about this matter of consistency in Christian living, and they reflect a moment. Then one or the other says, "I guess it's just that we believe that every

single word and thought of a Christian should be in harmony with his central convictions. Even how you react to burned toast or to a stopped-up sink is a kind of test of your Christianity."

"But when you wholeheartedly believe in and want to practice Jesus' teachings, all these things—large and small—will almost automatically fall into the Christian pattern," the other will add.

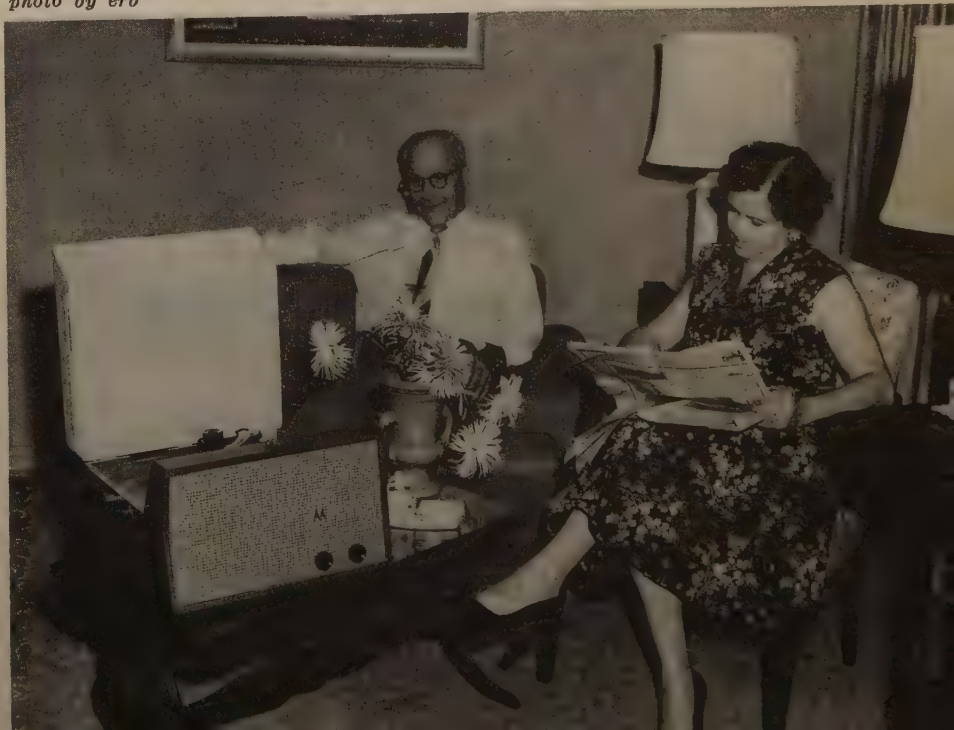
"But you do have to work on lots of things," they explained. We were eager for their ideas on the subject.

A quiet time every day, even if just one person is in the home, was listed first in importance. From this couple's description, their

(Continued on page 30)

Forget the noise and confusion of the outside world and enjoy the serenity and privacy of your own home.

photo by erb



Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

are formed by association with the family. It is family habit, family example, which conditions children in their beliefs and habits. No one recognizes this more clearly than the liquor advertisers. 'They are making the home their target.'

3. Read aloud, as a group, the short *Primer on Alcohol*.

4. Present the program material in a panel discussion. Members of such a panel might include:

A teacher familiar with alcohol education in the schools.

A lawyer able to report legal cases resulting from alcohol.

A high school or college student presenting campus and party attitudes.

A parent concerned with TV alcohol advertising appeal.

A member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

A minister or trained religious leader.

Call forward the panel members and introduce them. These, with the leader, should sit around a table or in a semi-circle at the front of the room. The leader asks any of the discussion questions of the panel, allows them to discuss informally with each other, but loud enough to be heard easily by everyone. The leader must control the length of talk by each person, however, preferably limiting each to one minute at a time. Some of the panel may need to be called on by name to give them equal opportunity to express themselves.

After a half-hour discussion by the panel, during which no person in the audience has been allowed to participate, open the discussion to the whole group.

Questions may be directed at specific members of the panel. Again control the timing, however, to prevent one person from monopolizing the discussion.

5. In closing, list on a blackboard the suggestions brought out by the group for positive action by parents, individually and collectively.

III. Questions for Discussion

1. How important are mutual love and respect, between parents and children, as elements in temperance training?

2. Do you think the Eighteenth Amendment should have been repealed?

3. How many movies have you seen lately in which there has been no drinking?

4. Do you ever repeat jokes in which the humor comes from a person under alcoholic influence?

5. How popular are cocktail parties in your community?

6. How do you celebrate New Year's Eve?—At home? At church? In business groups?

7. Do you know how much school teaching your children receive on the effects of alcohol on the human body?

8. Why do you think people drink?

9. Do you know how much Americans spend for alcoholic beverages?—Take guesses. (\$1,100,456. per hour)

10. Do you know which current programs on TV and radio are supported by alcohol advertising?

11. How many places are there in your town where liquor can be bought? If you live in a city, how many such places are within a 10-block radius of your church?

12. Is alcohol a problem in the homes of people you know?

13. If there is time, call for personal experiences or suggestions on the three methods of temperance training in the home: 1) Example of parents, 2) Discussion with children, and 3) Illustrations.

IV. Supplementary Material

1. Pamphlet #118 *Alcoholism Is a Disease*—Public Affairs Committee, Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Temperance Teaching in the Home

(Continued from page 25)

God does indeed move in mysterious ways his wonders to perform.

Surely, our family cannot be peculiar in having at hand such illustrations of the alcohol problem to use in teaching.

Our minister, for instance, tells of his small daughter's first contact with "social drinker." A man came to the parsonage one day to inquire about buying their piano. His breath reeked of alcohol, although he appeared in no way intoxicated. As he talked to her daddy, the little girl stood close, listening. Suddenly, she slipped out to the kitchen, wrinkling her nose in disgust.

"Mommy," she complained, "He stinks, doesn't he?"

"Yes," replied her mother. "I'm afraid he's been drinking."

This was a familiar expression to the little girl, but it was her first illustration of its meaning.

"Oh," she concluded, "is that what that stuff smells like? Wow! I'm never going to drink any of that!"

So another pair of parents, like ourselves, was using natural events to give their child the foundation on which to build her adult life. She was beginning her set of standards. Our son is at the threshold of testing his. We have a married daughter, also. How did she pass the test when it came? She chose her life partner from her many college dates; and when she asked permission to bring him home to meet us, she wrote: "He's been in the Navy for a year. Mother, but he doesn't smoke or drink!"

Biblegram Solution

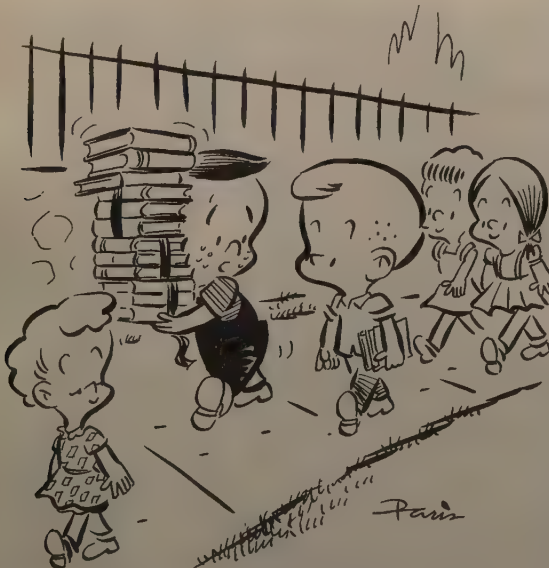
(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear. For fear has to do with punishment, and he who fears is not perfected in love. We love, because he first loved us." (1 John 4:18-19)

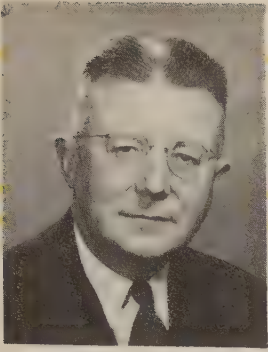
The Words

A Viper	M Sheet
B Oriole	N Fault
C Torch	O Fisher
D Fifteen	P Bluff
E Vault	Q Pharaoh
F Cobra	R Views
G Leech	S Astound
H Venom	T Hound
I Review	U Notes
J Worse	V Stoned
K Serpent	W Aside
L Coffee	X Taste

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"Sometimes I wish I didn't have so many girl friends!"



Family Counselor

YOUR YOUNGEST daughter, age ten, has recently asked us about an allowance. While at camp one of the campmates said her folks allowed her \$20.00 a month budget to take care of all her needs, clothes, and pleasures. Our girl thought that a wonderful plan. We have another girl of twelve who is quite different in temperament from the younger girl, who tends to be quite independent.

Here are questions that go through our minds as we think about an allowance for our children: (1) Would it make our youngest too much more independent too soon? (2) What do you consider a fair allowance? This will cover a month's expenditures of forty cents or more each for church and four dollars for the youngest's music and eight dollars for the oldest's music. (3) Is there such a thing as a checking account for children, as I know the money would be a temptation to spend if left here in the house, and it would serve to make them look ahead.

A GREAT deal might be written about allowances, but let me limit myself to the questions you ask.

1. An allowance for your ten-year-old would not necessarily make her "too independent too soon." In fact, if in deciding on an allowance you share with the children the financial status of the family so that they know just how much money is coming in and how much is going out, you probably will find that their feeling of responsibility is increased and that a sense of family solidarity is strengthened.

2. Let your decision as to the amount of the allowance be based on the size of the family income, the normal expenses of the children, and upon what the allowance is supposed to cover. With ten- and twelve-year-olds who are receiving an allowance for the first time, I somehow question the desirability of including such expenses as music lessons and the basic clothing, but there is no reason why you should not do so if you desire.

My thought is that if you do not include too much in this beginning allowance, it will be more manageable for the children, more like a real allowance. You will, however, want to include such items as

church pledges, Girl Scout dues if they belong, candy, ice cream, shows, and other miscellaneous expenses. (I might add, however, that you should not expect them to pay for all the ice cream and candy out of their allowance. Some sweets should be a part of your regular grocery budget.) You and the girls can figure up what the anticipated expenses will be for a week or month, and then let that sum be the allowance. After a few weeks or months you will know whether it is adequate.

I might add that, although I question putting clothes into the allowance budget at first, it may be helpful to the girls if you include a small sum for minor clothes expenses, so that the girls will begin to have the satisfaction of buying their own clothes. Within a year or so, the girls may be ready to buy even some of the major clothes items out of their allowances.

3. Although it probably is not feasible to have a regular checking account in the bank for the children, there is no reason why you should not serve as the banker for them. Secure some blank checks, or make checks of your own, for the girls. At the beginning of the month, credit in their "bank book" the amount of the allowance, with the understanding that when they want money, they will write a check for it, which you will cash. This will enable the children to keep a record of their expenditures, which is excellent training for them.

The disadvantage of this plan is that you may find yourself tempted to tell the girls just how much to draw out and how to spend the allowance, rather than letting them learn through experience the wise and unwise use of the money. Remember that the real allowance is only that which is theirs to spend as they wish.

You will find a helpful discussion of allowances for children in the booklet *Your Child From Six to Twelve*, which may be secured for twenty cents from the Social Security Administration, Children's Bureau, Federal Security Agency, Washington, D. C.

Donald M. Maynard

● Teen-Agers: Are They at Home?

(Continued from page 12)

family members have to one another. There is a factor which cannot be overlooked, however, and that is the church, without which the family is really not complete. The church works with the family in building and molding the characters of children and young people. Parents who have based the structure of their own families upon the teachings of Christ, and have consistently supported the spiritual life of their family through church activities, have given their teen-agers a heritage which will never be taken from them. At the heart of such a family, there is a deep central loyalty to Christ. Teen-age young people from such families are led into an abiding companionship with Christ, and Christian ideals become the motivating factors in all the choices that they have to make and in the behavior patterns that they develop.

The church and the home, working together, are building for the future. Parents who realize that the church is a contributing source to family solidarity will make the church an integral part of the home and the family's life. They will teach their young people that God is love, and it is God's kind of love that binds families together and keeps them together.

● Little Boy Who Grew a Beard

(Continued from page 18)

"Mother Robin," called the little boy, "may your baby robins come down to play with me?"

Mother Robin looked down from a branch over the little boy's head. As soon as she saw him, she fluttered her wings and hopped back and forth. She set up such a chirping that Father Robin came flying home. He flew right toward the little boy's head flapping his wings. The little boy had to go away wondering what was the matter with his bird friends. Mother and Father Robin were glad when he had gone. They were afraid of that strange creature with a beard growing out of his ears.

"I'll go visit the chipmunks," said the little boy to himself.

He climbed over the old stone wall and down the bank on the other side. He looked into the hole in the bank where the chipmunks lived.

"Mother Chipmunk," called the little boy, "may your baby chipmunks come out and play with me?"

When Mother Chipmunk saw that face with the beard growing out of its ears looking in her front door, she ran way back in the end of her house and huddled all her baby chipmunks around her. The little boy got tired of waiting. He had to go away wondering

what was the matter with his chipmunk friends.

"I know," said the little boy to himself, "the tree toads will play with me."

He walked along the path that led to the woods until he came to the sandy place near a big hollow log. He looked in the end of the log.

"Mother Tree Toad," called the little boy, "where are all your baby tree toads?"

Mother Tree Toad was right near the tip of the little boy's nose, but he could not see her because she was the same color as the log and she sat very still. The little boy could not find the baby tree toads. At last he went toward home wondering what was the matter with his tree toad friends.

When the little boy got home, his mother was waiting for him.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "something is the matter. The robins chased me away. The chipmunks would not come out of their hole, and I could not even find any of my tree toads. Why won't anybody play with me?"

His mother began to laugh.

"You look so funny," she said. "Perhaps when your friends saw you, they did not even know you with that beard growing out of your ears."

"Do you think that could be it, Mother?" asked the little boy.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised," said his mother.

"Oh, Mother, will please wash the beard out of my ears?" begged the little boy.

As soon as the beard was washed out of his ears, the little boy ran out of the house. Mother and Father Robin and their baby robins were hopping on the grass. Mother Robin pulled a worm out of the ground and stuffed it into a baby robin's mouth. They did not fly away when the little boy came to watch them. They were glad to see him. They knew he was the little boy who liked robins.

The little boy climbed over the stone wall and peeped into the chipmunk's hole. Out came Mother Chipmunk and three little chipmunks. They ran right over the tops of his shoes. The little boy sat down on the bank, and one of the baby chipmunks ran up his arm and over the back of his neck and down the other arm. They were glad to see him. They knew he was the little boy who liked chipmunks.

The little boy ran along the path that led to the woods. When he came to the hollow log, there were two baby tree toads sitting in the sand. They jumped high jumps, but they did not go away. The little boy caught one in his hand. He ran home to his mother shouting all the way.

"Mother, they all know me now. The robins know me, the chipmunks know me,

and the tree toads know me, and I have one right here in my hand!"

The little boy still grows a beard every time he takes a bath, but he never gets out of the bathtub with the beard growing out of his ears.

● A Home of Quiet Peace

(Continued from page 27)

quiet time sounded like the modern version of the old family altar. They often begin it with music, since they are music lovers. A classical recording is played, and a favorite poem is read and reflected upon. The Bible is read, and there is silence—a full ten minutes of it so that from the depths of contemplation may come God's peace and healing. Sometimes there is spoken prayer; not always.

In this quiet time many problems are solved. Tense nerves are relaxed as the peace of God floods their beings. The baby has been inducted into this atmosphere. He will grow up in it so that it will become a natural and familiar way of life.

Music and good reading have been part of this home from the beginning of the marriage. Even when the war meant that the husband and wife were separated for nearly three years, each maintained a lively interest in music and reading, and their letters to each other told of what each was enjoying at the time.

"You have to keep growing to maintain mutual respect," the wife explained.

Wrapped up in all of this is a mutual interest, also. "Husbands and wives, and the children, too, keep closer to each other if they cultivate mutual interests and learn to enjoy them together," the husband said.

You ask yourself, "Is this sort of home so far out of reach? Why aren't there more of them? More babies fed to music and brought up on prayer and quiet peace? Is it so hard to accomplish, or is it just that most of us don't perceive and search, acting on our better impulses and living as though each day were a very special segment of God's time?"

BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



The Bible book for the month of October is Ephesians. This short letter is vigorous, yet devotional in tone. It gives a picture of God's great plan to be realized through Jesus Christ. 1. What does the letter say about the church? 2. What does it teach about the duties of Christians?



for the hearthside

For Children

Some people collect stamps. Others collect buttons, picture postcards, rocks, and miniature dolls. But **Muriel Saves String** (by Dorothy Waugh, David McKay Company, Inc. 82 pages. Price, \$2.75).

Muriel White's two brothers, Douglas and Robert, are always making fun of her because she saves string. They think that this is a perfectly silly hobby. Kindhearted Uncle Rufus, however, who visits the White family frequently, finds reasons for the two boys to use quantities of Muriel's string. Each time they use her string, they have to make a piece of furniture for her doll house.

Douglas and Robert take the doll house full of furniture to the Boys' Fair to enter it in a contest. Muriel's string (or rather, a piece of ribbon which she saved with her string) prevents a minor tragedy, and before long Douglas and Robert are saving string, too.

This is a charming little book for children from six to 10 years of age.

* * *

Boys of late childhood will enjoy **General Baseball Doubleday**, by Robert S. Holzman (Longmans, Green and Co. 111 pages. Price, \$2.50). It is the story of baseball and its inventor. It is more a history of the game than a biography of the man who gave it to the world. Many will be surprised to learn that baseball came into existence before the Civil War, played a part in the war and in prison experiences, and was the brain child of a major-general of the Union Army. Many of the stories in the book are of the type of "inside stuff" which will catch Dad's interest also if he happens to pick up the book. The author is a business consultant who has made baseball his hobby. He has written six books about it and more than a hundred articles.

* * *

The endless search for stories will be helped by **Stories for Growing**, by Alice

Geer Kelsey (Abingdon, 126 pages. Price, \$2). Here are 30 stories for Juniors which have been collected from the many magazines and publications where they first appeared. The stories are arranged under five headings: Old; Old Tales Retold (folk tales and fables); Songs from the Old Testament; Across the Centuries; Boys and Girls Today; and Seasonal Stories. They can be used at church or at home, for reading or telling.

For Youth

Venture at Lake Tahogan, by Janette Sargeant Graham (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., 174 pages. Price, \$2.75).

Trouble is brewing the very day that Grant and Constance Wetherell arrive at the Pack and Plane, a resort bought with all of the family's money. In the first place the resort is run down—cabins needing repair, broken windows, mice in the mattresses, and five cabins need to be moved to higher ground. Then incidents happen for which there seems to be no logical explanation: The food doesn't arrive on time the first day that there are guests; somebody put water on the electricity line. Besides that, an unfriendly cuss named Russ is threatening to cause trouble with a mine claim near the Pack and Plane.

There are some desirable features, though. There is a friendly Indian boy named Hogie, a quaint old Scotsman named Alec, and a super-duper girl named Sandy.

In spite of all the obstacles things do get straightened out. Teen-agers of both genders will find this book enjoyable.

* * *

The Green Poodles, by Charlotte Baker (David McKay Company, Inc. 218 pages. Price, \$3.00).

Twelve-year-old Allan Green, who lives at Pond Farm with his Aunt Lena, 14-year-old brother Charley, and 17-year-old sister Ann, wishes that there were

someone around who wasn't "grown up." That's why he is glad when Fern, a 10-year-old cousin from England, comes to live at the farm. With Fern comes Juliet, a champion silver poodle.

All sorts of things happen after Fern's arrival. A mysterious prowler, seven poodle pups, the loss of half of a valuable painting, and Miss Seymour and her poodles all bring adventure and excitement into the lives of the Greens.

Ann, Fern, Charley, and Allan find both fun and hard work in their unusual business venture. An excellent book for young people from 12 to 15.

For Adults

Nearer to Heaven, by Frank Baker (The Westminster Press, 237 pages. Price, \$3.50).

Lawrence Hearne, a vicar in a poor country church in England, learns that he has only a year to live. He decides not to tell this to his wife and daughter, because their life of poverty and privation is difficult enough.

The daughter, Susan, has a chance to win a scholarship to a music school in London. The scholarship does not provide for incidental expenses, however; and when a dying parishioner entrusts a large sum of money to Lawrence to be held for his son, the temptation is too great for Vera Hearne. She steals some of the money for Susan.

Lawrence suspects what his wife has done, and his great desire is to live long enough to earn money to replace that which his wife has stolen. A sermon which Lawrence preaches for an occasion loses for him a more lucrative position; but a newspaper becomes interested in the sermon and asks Lawrence to write a series of articles on religion for the paper. He feels that the money he earns writing these articles will remedy his wife's theft.

This is an excellent book for adults and older young people.

Over the back fence

● Now We Are Seven!

Hearthstone is seven years old this month! Eighty-five issues (including this one) have been sent out to readers throughout the nation and to many countries around the world. Each copy goes out with the hope and prayer that it will help its readers to a better understanding of Christian family life and aid them in growing into that experience.

How can *Hearthstone* serve you better? At what points is it missing the boat? More than anything else we would like to hear from our readers, offering us hints that will help us meet your needs.

To all of our writers we express our thanks for all their contributions. To our editorial colleagues we extend appreciation for their unfailing encouragement. But most of all to our readers goes our greatest gratitude for their continuing support.

● Straw in the Wind?

The Gallup pollsters have recently come up with something of a surprising set of figures. Each year since 1945 this organization has conducted a poll in which it has asked the same question: "Do you ever have occasion to use alcoholic beverages, or are you a total abstainer?"

According to their latest results there has been a decided decrease in the proportion of adults in the United States who use alcoholic beverages. From 1945 to 1956 the percentage of drinkers has dropped from a peak of 67 per cent to 60. Out of 102 million adults over 18 years of age the survey indicates that 40 million are total abstainers.

How this figure fits in with the

reports that the total number of alcoholics is increasing rapidly is not clear. Are fewer people drinking more? Is alcoholic advertising with the third largest budget of all major advertisers, losing its effectiveness in winning new customers?

If Gallup is correct, this is one of the best bits of news to appear in this field for a long, long time.

● More Figures—Much Guesswork

The next time you hear someone quote figures on divorce statistics, use the proverbial grain of salt. Nobody knows *exactly* what the situation is; not even the National Office of Vital Statistics or the Census Bureau. Only 29 states with less than half of the national population report fairly accurate records. Figures for the other 19 represent more or less accurate guesses.

The figures we do have, however, are an indication that divorce is a continuing problem in American life.

In 1953 the divorce rate was about 3.8 per 1000 population for 42 states from which figures were available. Nevada ranked highest with a rate of 49.2 per 1000. New Jersey and North Dakota ranked lowest with a rate of .9 per 1000. For divorcees granted to bona fide residents of a state it is probable that Oklahoma, with 5.8 per 1000 population, has the top billing.

When it comes to rate of increase of divorces between 1923 and 1953 it appears that the District of Columbia gets the top spot with an increase of 513 per cent. Out of 41 reporting areas Rhode Island is listed as having a decreased rate of two per cent.

All of which leads to some observations:

1. Why is it not possible to obtain accurate figures in this important area?
2. We need to develop a national code of law to handle a national problem and not leave it to the states.
3. What is the church doing in a positive way to deal with a matter so much a part of its responsibility?

Poetry Page

Lesson

Left scarred and broken by the hurricane,
How has the elm repaired itself again!
Never so lovely in another spring,
Its branches soft with pale green feathering,
And all the stubby ugly broken ends
Hidden from sight. How nature mends!
And I recall, seeing each brave new leaf,
How faces grow more lovely after grief. . .

— Beulah Fenderson Smith

The Moon

City moon,
Covered with a smoky haze,
Beauty hidden by dusty air,
Peeks o'er chimneys, resting there.
In this sordidness it stays.

Country moon,
Shining like a golden ball,
Dancing in a fragrant breeze,
Hides in perfumed apple trees,
Smiles at night birds' lonely call.

— Sue H. Wollam

No Discrimination

Codliver oil exudes a smell
Of long-departed fish
And though I know its virtues well,
It's simply not my dish.

But baby loves that rancid smell.
He greets it with a roar,
Gulps down the reeking dose pell-mell
And loudly bawls for more.

— Helen Giorgi

Alarming Situation

Alarm clocks of today are more
Melodious than those of yore.

Yes, harsh alarms are obsolete;
Today's are truly soft and sweet.

But, even so, not one of them
Sounds soft and sweet at 6 a.m.

— Richard Wheeler

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